

JAPANESE ART.

They Wiped Up the Blood and Said No More About It.

"From Sea to Sea," by Rudyard Kipling: Long ago a great-hearted king came to Nikko river and looked across at the trees, upstream at the torrent and the hills whence it came, and downstream at the softer outlines of the crops and spurs of wooded mountains. "It needs only a dash of color in the foreground to bring this all together," said he, and he put a little child in a blue and white dressing-gown under the awful trees to judge the effect. Emboldened by his tenderness, an aged beggar ventured to ask for alms. Now it was the ancient privilege of the great to try the temper of their blades upon beggars and such cattle. Mechanically the king swept off the old man's head, for he did not wish to be disturbed. The blood spurted across the granite slabs of the river ford in a sheet of purest vermilion. The king smiled. Chance had solved the problem for him. "Build a bridge here," he said to the court carpenter, "of just such a color as that stuff on the stones. Build also a bridge of gray stone close by, for I would not forget the wants of my people." So he gave the little child across the stream a thousand pieces of gold and went his way. He had composed a landscape. As for the blood, they wiped it up and said no more about it, and that is the story of the Nikko bridge. You will not find it in the guide books.—Chicago News.

His Offer.

A generous if not alluring offer was that made by an exasperated physician to the penurious father of an insane young man. The old man wished to secure his son's admission to the insane asylum, but seemed unwilling to pay for the necessary certificate. After hearing his plea of poverty—which the doctor knew to be false—and hearing him also tell of the many expenses to which he had been put by his ungrateful children, the physician waved his hand to end the recital. "Now, see here," he said sharply, "you just pay me for this one, and I'll give you a certificate for yourself whenever you wish to use it, for nothing."

At the Dinner Table.

"Georgie, don't stare at Mr. Crumley that way. It isn't polite." "I was just waitin' to see him pick up his glass of water, ma. I heard pa tell you that he drinks like a fish."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The city of Rochester, with an estimated population of 180,000, pays \$1,375 per month for the collection and disposal of its garbage.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Smarting and Sweating Feet and Itching Nails. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Japanese tea merchants are contemplating establishing tea houses, after the Japanese style, in the large cities of the United States.

It requires no experience to dye with FRYMAN FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

Most kinds of clay contain a considerable proportion of iron; the red color of bricks, for example, is due to the presence of oxides of iron.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Cigarettes are smoked almost exclusively in Germany, Austria, Russia and Greece, and generally through Europe.

Pico's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

The city of Cleveland is the first to create a department whose sole object is the abatement of the smoke nuisance.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Chief Kiple, of Chicago, has proposed appointing reporters of the city as members of the detective force.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

Sheets, blankets, pillows and covers—or counterpane—were frequent subjects of beset in the middle ages.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nervine Restorative. Write for free literature. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

One of the men serving in the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa is worth \$50,000 a year.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Charles Frohman will have a dramatization of Mary Chalmers' novel, "Red Footage."

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Sadie Martinot will play with Henry Miller in his summer season in San Francisco.

Indigestion is a bad companion. Get rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Peppin Tutti Frutti after each meal.

Olga Nethersole has closed her season. She will return to New York next year.

Better Blood Better Health. If you don't feel well to-day you can be made to feel better by making your blood better. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great pure blood maker. That is how it cures that tired feeling, pimples, sores, salt rheum, scrofula and catarrh. Get a bottle of this great medicine and begin taking it at once and see how quickly it will bring your blood up to the Good Health point.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Blood Medicine. 27 afflicted with skin diseases. Thompson's Eye Water

SOCIAL LIFE IN MANILA.

THE SCENE ON THE LUNETTA IS BIZARRE AND COSMOPOLITAN.

Everybody Comes Out on This Drive to Meet Friends, Hear the Band Play and See the Glorious Sunset—The Houses of the Better Class.

THE fashionable life of London, Paris or New York cuts only a small figure in Manila, but the dictates of local custom are almost as exact as in any of these society centres, writes Ethelyn Emery Hutton, in the Chicago Record. The hours for performing social duties and the manner of doing are very well understood and closely observed in this far Eastern city.

The activity of the people begins early in the day, rests and sleeps in the middle, reaches its most exciting hours about sunset, follows on its enjoyment until midnight or after and sleeps again. The English and Spanish people exercise early—before the heat of day—do their shopping about nine or ten, have a light luncheon about one in the afternoon, sleep, have afternoon tea, take a cold bath and dress to go out at 4.30 or 5 o'clock. The best period of the day begins about this time. Every one drives, and after calls the Luneta is the objective point for all. Here a band plays daily at 5.30.

The scene on the Luneta is very bizarre and cosmopolitan. Spanish, English, Swiss, German, East Indian, Chinese, native and Mestizo men and women mingle with the strong majority of Americans. Imagine the variety of colors in the grouping of high Roman Catholic bishops and dignitaries, white-robed priests, black friars, both Spanish and Filipino, American officers in white duck or khaki, American soldiers in brown and released Spanish prisoners in blue, wealthy Chinese merchants in heliotrope, blue or white silk, East Indians from Bombay in queer skirts, Spanish women with enormous pompadour coiffures and painted faces, English women in French hats, native women in the national dress of the Filipinos, American women in light, thin gowns, Chinese nursemaids in long blue coats and black trousers, caring for the children of English, Spanish and American families. The intermingling of all these people is the pleasant social feature of the day-to-day life. Everybody comes out to see his friends, to hear the music and to see the glorious sunset.

The Luneta drive is a large loop on the bay shore, with the center within the old elevated for a promenade. The bandstand is in the middle of the promenade; large fountains at either end. Stone seats are scattered about freely. The view is toward the open sea across Manila bay. On a clear day Cavite, in front of which place the sunken Spanish hulks lie, may be seen. Beyond and further out lies the island of Corregidor, whose flashlight Admiral Dewey passed in safety the night before the battle of the 1st of May. Over the horizon the sun drops with a truly tropical garishness. After the sun has gone and the short twilight has passed the Luneta blazes with electric light.

The drive and promenade continue along the bay shore to the mouth of the river, the smooth course lying between rows of palms and under the shadows of the gray walls of the old city, from whose parapets the great guns of the Spanish threatened a stern punishment for all trespassers. This inviting road, called Malacan drive, ends in a small circle about a little garden of palms and tropical plants, where are a fountain, a monument to Simon de Anda and a bandstand. The curve extends along the bank to old Fort Santiago, which commands the entrance to the river, standing gray and formidable in the near distance.

A never-ending line of carriages, moving always to the right, passes around the Luneta; two or three lines stop along the curb of the promenade or of the beach side of the road, and there is much visiting going on. People speed past one another down the Malacan drive to Simon de Anda monument—for the native coachman loves to drive as fast as he can—stop there and listen to the music or watch the boats on the Pasig River, and run back to the Luneta, only to repeat the above performance or to join the groups of carriages assembled there.

Spaniards are fond of good horses of high mettle and one sees during an evening on the Luneta many well-matched pairs of light native horses which really have quite a bit of speed, although their gait is of the toddling order. Spaniards and Englishmen in Manila seldom drive their own horses, so the favorite carriage is a low victoria with a high seat for the native cocher. The calesa, a two-wheeled cart with a cocher's seat behind, driven with one horse, is quite popular with the Americans and some others who enjoy driving. The carromata is liked by the bachelors. It is also two-wheeled, with one horse, but the coachman drives from a small seat in front. One sees occasionally a brougham, a quizez or a four-wheeled calesa.

Dinner follows upon coming home from the drive. Dances are necessarily late in the evening, the music beginning about 10 o'clock. The idea of hospitality among the residents is to dance and dine the whole night through and often into the next day. The Spaniards and Filipinos are nothing if not free-hearted and long-suffering in entertaining guests.

Among the European women styles in dress are in a small way after those in vogue in Paris and London, but among the native women, who have a manner of dressing all their own, the fashion originates in Manila. Just now the pina cloth with dainty em-

broidery done in thread which the American women have admired so much is not in the mode. The proper stuff is of open weaving, with the embroidery made in colored silks and narrow ribbon, in flower and butterfly designs. Alarming plaids and stripes are the proper things in gingham skirts; silk is used, but satin prevails for more elegant ones, with embroidery of gold thread and colored silks. The most elaborate work is spread over the train of the skirt. Slippers are soles with a little toe piece of satin or velvet. The most dressy ones for dances have high heels, but ordinary ones are flat. Only the most fastidious wear stockings and almost none attempt hats. Smoking is good form for native women as well as men on the Luneta, at balls, musicales or anywhere.

Spanish houses prevail for all the better classes of residents. The great broad halls have great flights of stairs of mahogany which make one long to take them home, the drawing-rooms are spacious and attractive, with floors beautifully polished and frescoed walls and ceilings of canvas—a precaution in building against destruction by earthquake—sparkling glass-bedagled chandeliers and enormous French plate mirrors. With the deep, cool wicker chairs and Vienna bent wood stiff chairs, quite an assembly could be seated. Yet the effect is not one of overcrowding. The dining-room table, with a top of one piece of choice mahogany, is frequently large enough to seat sixteen or twenty people. The ceiling is often decorated with some pretty summer scene of cupids and flowers and birds. It is delightful to dine here, with numbers of soft-footed native boys serving noiselessly, the cool, slow punkah fanning and the breeze from the bay drawing through the wide open windows.

Before the last insurrection of Spanish times, about the year 1896, Manila was considered the most attractive for its social life of all the cities of the far east. Even Shanghai, "the Paris of the east," as it is called, was not so gay. With tennis and golf, horseback riding, rowing and sailing, there was no lack of sport. With concerts and drives on the Luneta, the pony races at Santa Mesa, where the gentlemen rode, dances at the handsome English club and at the Hotel Oriente and receptions on the Spanish men-of-war, there was a diversity in social events, added to the smaller happenings, which must have made the life interesting and charming. The fascinating gardens of palms and bamboo, the very blue sea and the deep cerulean sky above the purple mountains, the gorgeous red and tawny yellow sunsets, the brilliant stars and the enchanting white light of the tropical moon are there for a setting to all social functions the year round. The effect of the wars has been to quiet all this gaiety, but one can foresee that peace will bring back the festivity of old Spanish days, perhaps with a strong mixture of American ideas of social amusement.

Oom Paul's Joke.

The phlegmatic Oom Paul Kruger has, despite his solemn appearance, a great reputation as a joker among his people in the Transvaal. His humor, however, tends toward the practical order. Here is an instance: Half a dozen back-country Boers had come to Pretoria to see the sights, and, with characteristic familiarity, paid the President a visit during his early coffee-drinking hour. Later they were shown over the Government buildings by the President in person. In one of the rooms an electric lamp was burning, and as they were passing out, Oom Paul, with his hand on the button, asked them to blow it out from where they stood. Then one after another drew a deep breath, blew out his cheeks and sent out a tremendous puff, but all in vain; the light did not even wince. Then the President bade them look at him, and, puffing out his cheeks, gave a strong blast, at the same time slyly turning off the current. The visitors were amazed, and as they left the building, one who had been more observant than the rest remarked: "Oom Paul must have wonderfully strong lungs, for, did you notice, the light was entirely inclosed in glass."—Collier's Weekly.

The Surrender of Osman.

On the cold, cloudy morning of December 11th, 1877, when snow lay thickly on all the country, a sudden great booming of guns was heard, and the news flew swiftly that Osman had come out of Plevna at last and was trying to break through the cordon his foes had spread about him. During the night he had abandoned all his defences, and by daybreak he had taken the greater part of his army across the River Vid. Advancing along the Sophia Road, he charged the Russian intrenchments with such energy that the Siberian Regiment stationed at that point was almost annihilated. A desperate fight went on for four hours, with the Russians coming up battalion after battalion. Some time after noon all firing ceased, and later the Turks sent up a white flag. Cheer after cheer swelled over the dreary plain. Osman had surrendered.

The siege had lasted 142 days. The Russians had lost 40,000 men. The Turks had lost 30,000 men.

The advance on Constantinople had been checked. Skoboleff said: "Osman the Victorious he will remain, in spite of his surrender."—Stephen Crane, in the New Lippincott.

Distinguishing Mark For Single Women.

The married and unmarried women of the United States of Columbia, South America, are designated by the manner in which they wear flowers in their hair, the sentras wearing them on the right side and the senioritas on the left.

Particularly polite and gallant was the young man who was sauntering down Witherell street one day not long ago, when the sidewalks were covered with slush and the ditches were flooded to the top of the curb. He wore a pink carnation in his coat lapel; his trousers were definitely creased; his shoes had lately been polished, although the wealth of slush on the walks had dimmed their brilliancy. He was approaching a crossing. Just ahead of him a young woman was wheeling a baby carriage in the same direction. The gutter was more than ankle deep with ice cold water. The young woman hesitated. To the rescue came the young man. "Can't I assist you?" he asked. "Thank you so much," was the reply, so appreciative in its tone that the young man boldly stepped into the watery ditch and ferried the lady across. Then he picked up the carriage and carried it over. "There," he said, as he sat it down, "I guess I haven't wakened it." He said "it" because he didn't know whether there was a girl or boy under the shawl. "Oh, it isn't a baby," volunteered the young lady. "I was doing marketing and this is such an easy way to get the groceries home, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

The Trouble with Blankins.

"I haven't heard anything from Blankins for a long time. He went out west and got to be a county treasurer or something of that kind. How was he getting along at last accounts?" "His last accounts, I am informed, did not balance."—Chicago Tribune.

LIKE MANY OTHERS

Clara Kopp Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Tells what it did for Her.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have seen so many letters from ladies who were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies that I thought I would ask your advice in regard to my condition.

I have been doctoring for four years and have taken different patent medicines, but received very little benefit. I am troubled with backache, in fact my whole body aches, stomach feels sore, by spells get short of breath and am very nervous. Menstruation is very irregular with severe bearing down pains, cramps and backache. I hope to hear from you at once."

CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., Sept. 27, 1898.

"I think it is my duty to write a letter to you in regard to what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I wrote you some time ago, describing my symptoms and asking your advice, which you very kindly gave. I am now healthy and cannot begin to praise your remedy enough. I would say to all suffering women, 'Take Mrs. Pinkham's advice, for a woman best understands a woman's sufferings, and Mrs. Pinkham, from her vast experience in treating female ills, can give you advice that you can get from no other source.'"

CLARA KOPP, Rockport, Ind., April 13, 1899.

Advertisement for Bile Bloat featuring a caricature of a man's face with a large nose and puffed cheeks, and text describing the symptoms and cure.

FOR MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER.

The Best Prescription Is Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

The Formula Is Plainly Printed on Every Bottle, So That the People May Know Just What They Are Taking.

Imitators do not advertise their formula knowing that you would not buy their medicine if you knew what it contained. Grove's contains Iron and Quinine put up in correct proportions and is in a Tasteless form. The Iron acts as a tonic while the Quinine drives the malaria out of the system. Any reliable druggist will tell you that Grove's is the Original and that all other so-called "Tasteless" chill tonics are imitations. An analysis of other chill tonics shows that Grove's is superior to all others in every respect. You are not experimenting when you take Grove's—its superiority and excellence having long been established. Grove's is the only Chill Cure sold throughout the entire malarial sections of the United States. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c.

A Foreign Tongue. On the strength of a story printed in the Washington Star, it may be said that it is a wise person that knows his own vernacular after the dialect is done with it. "What on earth is de matter wid yoh talk?" asked Picaninny Jim's mother. "Dat talk what I was jes' now talkin'?" "Yassir." "Oh, dat ain't sho-nuff talk! Ey'y-body's gott'er speak in school, an' de teacher is learnin' me a negro dialect piece."

His Great Opportunity. Applicant—is there an opening here for a sharp young man? Employer—What can you do? Applicant—(confidently)—Anything. Employer—Very well. Take my chair here and tell me how to run my business on a profitable basis. We've been waiting years for you to be born.—Stray Stories.

BOOKS! SAMPLES of 6 different interesting books worth \$1.50, and illustrated Catalog sent to any address for 30 cents stamps. Try us. W. ANDERSCH, 436 West 38th St., N. Y.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. E. GREEN'S STORE, Box R, Atlanta, Ga.

Advertisement for Hires Rootbeer featuring an image of a hand holding a glass and text: LOOK OUT! For your family's comfort and your own. HIRE'S Rootbeer.

WILLS PILLS—BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE. For only 10 Cents we will send to any U. S. address, 10 days' treatment of the best medicine on earth, and put you on the track how to make Money right at your house. Address all orders to The H. B. Wills Medicine Company, 23 Elizabeth St., Hagerstown, Md. Branch Offices: 129 Indiana Ave., Washington, D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

Large advertisement for Cascarets featuring the brand name in a stylized font, 'CURED BY Cascarets', and 'BEST FOR THE BOWELS'. Includes pricing (10c, 25c, 50c) and contact information for Stealing Remedy Company.